

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, November 18,.....1811.

[NO. 4.

The  
AMIABLE WIFE

and

ARTFUL MISTRESS.

*An Extract from SANTO SEBASTI-  
ANO, a Novel.*

Shortly after tea, Lord Delamore and Mr. Temple commenced a serious engagement at backgammon. Lady Delamore retired, to weep again for those domestic misfortunes, she now believed irremediable; and lady Theodosia requested Julia to accompany her on her walk. Our heroine complied: and after they had rambled for some time about the beautiful and romantic grounds, and lady Theodosia had pointed out different objects worthy of admiration, she took Julia's arm, lowered the tone of her voice, and with a serious air, addressed her.—

‘From what you must have observed to-day, Miss De Clifford, you doubtless believe you have entered a most disunited family:—and your belief is just; for, alas! I think there can be few more unhappy families in existence!’

Julia was shocked; and said, with ineffable feeling, ‘she was grieved to hear it.’

‘—And, as you seem to possess real feeling, you will be moreso to see it: and much I fear, you will often repent becoming an inmate of yonder magnificent castle, where the genius of discord reigns—in the person of my sister. From all strangers (I mean daily, or accidental, visitors), it is my excellent mother's wish to conceal our sorrows: but as you are come to form one of our family, concealment from you would be vain attempt: and therefore, that you may comprehend every thing you hear, and may know my inestimable mother is blameless, I will give you a brief history of our house; in doing which, perhaps you may acquire some useful information, for, in knowing us all, you may learn to regulate your conduct, to avoid creating enemies for yourself.—

‘My father, by unfortunately losing both his parents at a very early age, had no one left to him, to whose authority he would bend, or submit to consider as his adviser or his guide. The consequence was inevitable:—the impetuosity

of ungovernable passions led them to become his masters: and uncontrolled they have, alas! governed him in many points, even to this hour. He became, before his minority expired, a complete man of the town; & had plunged with avidity into all kinds of libertinisms, sanctioned by fashionable dissipation.

'Unhappily for his wife and offspring, he found, among the abandoned of our sex a Mrs. Monk;—a woman who so entirely fascinated him, that serious apprehension were entertained by his family that he would be so disgracefully infatuated as to marry her. My father was, and is, a most enthusiastic admirer of female beauty. His uncles and sister dared not to advise him; but, availing themselves of this admiration, contrived to let him see my mother, lady Emily Stanmore, then not fifteen, who was still secluded, by a rigid father, with her governess, to complete the plan of education he had formed for her, and her two sisters before her, ladies Ennerdale and Horatio Fitzroy. The budding beauty of lady Emily, you can readily believe, was transcendent: my father, in one interview, felt its magic; and, as his family hoped, fell distractedly in love, and instantly resolved this new fascinator should be his wife. Luckily for this determination, my grandfather Ashgrove approved the match for his mere child, who was told she must marry this very young, and very handsome lord; and, ere she

knew she had a heart, her hand was given to a man not capable of long appreciating her matchless merit.

'My mother's mind was too sublimated for my father's. Her exalted virtues were not (I suppose) to his taste: again he sought out a being congenial to him; and Mrs. Monk was reinstated in his favour. As time stole on, he became disgusted with the metropolis; and for these last six years (except when parliamentary business calls him to town, and a love of mixing in society, solely composed of nobility, detains him a short time there), Delamore castle has been his constant residence; and during this period, yon white house, peeping from amid that lofty wood, has been the habitation of Mrs. Monk.

'My mother married at the command of an arbitrary father, without affection, and without dislike. Her heart, lord Delamore might have easily won; for in her bosom I have often perceived are the seeds of dormant affection, which a little kindness would awaken, and teach to glow: although the neglect she at first, and the often harsh and contemptuous treatment she has since, experienced, might not only have indelibly fixed her indifference, but awakened resentment and hatred;—but these are inmates not to be found in the bosom of my mother, who has ever been the meek, submissive, uncomplaining, suffer-



ing model of excellence, as a wife. . . . Why not say truth, at once?—In every way, she is perfection. . . .

‘It was the interest of Mrs. Monk totally to destroy my father’s affection for my mother: but in this attempt she could not effectually succeed; for, even when he treated her most unkindly, his eulogiums upon her beauty, her understanding, and sweetness of disposition, to every one he mentioned his wife to, still sounded like the language of ardent love; and when he openly forsook her, and went with the vile Monk to make the tour of Italy, he took French leave of his mistress at Rome, and almost flew back to England, upon reading in a newspaper of my mother’s being indisposed. But as Monk failed in entirely banishing his wife from my father’s heart, she resolved, in vengeance, to make her wretched.—In this, alas! she has too fatally succeeded!

‘At first, the specious fiend began her project by introducing jealousy into my father’s too susceptible bosom;—working upon him, by constantly citing the indifference of lady Delamore, contrasted with her own fervent attachment; and at length assuring him some other happy man had overcome her ladyship’s apathy, and that he had a rival. Roused almost to frenzy by this insinuation, my credulous father became an attentive observer; and then madly subscribed to the

malicious aspersions of his designing favourite. My angelical mother had now to bear all the rancour of her infatuated husband’s jealousy. For years, her every look and action were watched by the distempered eye of suspicion, and the prejudiced one of malice: but so upright, so pure, was my mother’s conduct, that not a being could be discovered on whom the possibility of even a suspicion could glance, as favoured by her.

‘From the moment Selina and St. Orville were capable of any kind of discrimination, my infatuated father (under pretence of fondness leading him to indulge in the company of his children) took them constantly to visit Mrs. Monk, who then resided in Green-street, when this insidious woman exerted all her power to win their young affections, by every species of indulgence. With Selina, she readily and completely succeeded; but with my noble brother, only until about the period he attained his seventeenth year, when some visitor at Delamore house (who knew my father’s reprehensible conduct in taking his children, unknown to my mother, to visit this infamous woman) told St. Orville, ‘not to accompany his father to Mrs. Monk, who was a very bad woman; who told fibs of his amiable mother, and made her very unhappy.’ From this moment, it was only by force St. Orville could be dragged into the house of Mrs. Monk: but neither offers of reward, nor ac-

ual punishment, could induce him to receive any kindness from this now by him, abhorred woman. All her presents he spurned with indignation, bearing, with unshrinking firmness even the severe chastisement of his exasperated father: with the same inflexible resolution, he concealed the name of his informer, and revealed not, even in the sad moments his feeling heart was agonised in anguish at his father's unkindness, a particle of all the misery he so heroically suffered to his adored mother, lest it should grieve her, but in her presence ever gaily smiling, whilst his bosom was torn by secret sorrow.

'At length, my dear brother was sent to Eaton, where my mother's nephew, lord De Lisle, had been for some months before him, from whom St. Orville learned Mrs. Monk was the mistress of his father. Horror was now added to my brother's griefs, and when, upon the first vacation, he returned home, and my father desired him to attend him to Greenstreet, St. Orville, in tears, informed lord Delamore, that not even his lordship's commands should, without force, lead him to disgrace himself by entering the house of his father's mistress—the destroyer of his virtuous, inestimable, lovely mother's happiness.'

'My father made no reply, and Monk, irritated at the noble boy's invincible rectitude, no doubt fed

and augmented every particle of resentment my father's breast cherished. During that vacation, Alfred was asked no more to visit Mrs. Monk: he returned to Eaton, and after being some weeks there, and without any previous notice, his allowance was suddenly reduced to one half of what he had been accustomed to receive. Poor Alfred was horror-struck; for, not aware of this reduction, he unavoidably found himself in debt, and unable to give where charity or generosity had claims upon him. His honour, his integrity, his benevolence, all were deeply wounded. He would not request a supply from my mother (who has always had unlimited credit upon my father's banker), or any of his friends, lest it should lead to the discovery of his father's unkindness; but, determined to pay his debts, he formed the heroic resolution (for surely, in a boy of ten years old, it was heroism) of debarring himself of every luxury, every recreation, which boys at school delight in; and restrained from visiting the fruit, cake, or toy-shop, for the honorable purpose of paying his debts, and the humane one of continuing a pension to a poor blind woman he had met with at Windsor; while, as he no longer indulged himself in those juvenile gratifications, his pride would not suffer him to partake of them, when offered by others. This change in St. Orville was observed by his companions, who soon sus-



pected he was stinted in money ; for having witnessed and partaken of his generosity (his charities were, even then, when possible, under the veil of concealment), no one supposed the change originated in choice ; and, being universally beloved, his school-fellows were anxious to share their stores with him ;—but Alfred, when he acts from principle, is adamant in firmness. De Lisle, about one year older than my brother, and bound to him by the most ardent ties of friendship, and a strong similitude of disposition, watched attentively on pay-days, and soon discovered poor Alfred's scanty means ; and never having much himself to offer, and his little offers being always rejected, wrote off to my uncle Ashgrove, then in America, to tell him. 'Lord Delamore allowed his dear cousin, St. Orville, no more than a tinker would toil to give his son ; and that he was sure, from all he had observed, that poor Alfred was as unhappy at home as his dear aunt.'

(To be Continued.)

#### SELECTED.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

Orrery, Dr. Hawksworth, Dr. Johnson and Thomas Sheridan, are the principal Biographers of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift. 'Orrery's chief view in publishing his works, was to acquire celebrity as an author:—

.....*hominum volitans per ora.*

In order to obtain this end, he knew that satire was more likely to procure a rapid sale to his book than panegyric. All regard, therefore, to truth, justice, honor, and humanity, was to be sacrificed, whenever they came in competition with this great end."

In Dr. Hawksworth's life of Swift we find many of Orrery's groundless aspersions wiped away from the character of the Dean, and almost every thing placed, as far as the Dr. goes, in its proper light, but still many of the most important articles are omitted, and others still left in a very doubtful state.

Dr. Johnson, 'who seems to have undertaken this task, rather from the necessity he was under of taking some notice of him in the course of his Biographical History of the English Poets, than from choice. He has presented us only with a short abstract of that he found in Dr. Hawksworth, with some observations of his own, which are far from being favourable to the character of Swift.'

Thomas Sheridan's life of Swift (from which the following sketch is taken) is by far the best ever offered to the public. His assertions and opinions are all supported by the most convincing proofs, which, in all disputed points, are produced at full length. In this volume the dark shades in Swift's

history concerning two celebrated ladies, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vonhomrigh (better known to the world by the names of Stella & Van Essa) is satisfactorily cleared up, but the columns of a newspaper is rather too confined to enter thoroughly into his business; two maxims of Swift with regard to matrimony is all that will be offered. One was, never to marry, unless he was beforehand, possessed of a decent provision for a family, another was unless this should be the case of a time of life when he might reasonably expect to breed up his children and see them properly entered into the world. With regard to the first article, he was so far from having any thing beforehand, in Stella's time, that he was still in debt; and the small preferment he had obtained, gave him but little prospect of ever accumulating a fortune. And as to the second, he had already passed that period of life, after which it was his fixed resolution never to marry. Could Swift have entered into a state of wedlock consistently with these principles, Stella, no doubt, would have been the woman of his choice. Swift actually went through the ceremony of marriage with Stella, but it was on two conditions. The first was, that they should continue to live separately, exactly in the manner they were used to do before; the second that it should be kept a profound secret from all the world, unless some urgent necessity should call

for the discovery. Stella complied with these conditions, knowing the inflexibility of Swift's resolutions; and Swift was led to offer them to quiet apprehensions about her character's suffering from the manner of living with him.

A great many small matters have been attributed to Swift; and added to his works, which were not of his production: many light things he undoubtedly wrote, but not with an intention of giving them to the world; on this subject Mr. Sheridan says, Swift agreed with an intimate friend, that they should for one whole year, write to each other every day, and were to be upon honor that they would take up no more than five minutes in composing each letter. Numbers of riddles, anglo-latin letters and other whims of fancy were produced in this way. But as these were only intended for private amusement, most of them when they had served their turn were committed to the flames. Some few however, have escaped, and are printed in his works, which may serve to gratify the curiosity of such readers, as may be desirous to have a private peep, as it were, at the fancy of this great genius, when frolicsome and unrestrained she was playing, her sportive gambol, *endesh-abille*.

"As a writer says," says Donaldson in his Edinburgh edition, 1766, "Swift had no equal. His style



is mostly correct, and strong--- never diffusive, yet always clear: and if we consider it in comparison of his predecessors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language. In politics, his favourite topic, he appears like a masterly gladiator; he wields the sword of party with ease, justness, and dexterity; and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great.

When he is serious, his gravity becomes him, when he laughs, his readers must laugh with him. In poetry he would not take pains to excel, but became, in some measure, superior to it, and assumed more the air and manner of a critic than a poet.

To conclude---I agree with Sheridan, that no man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his, a steady, preserving, inflexible friend, a wise, and watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials, and persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune. He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to *Ireland*.

ARTHUR.

JONATHAN SWIFT, afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, was born on the 30th of No-

vember, 1667, in Hoey's-court, Dublin. When he was but a year old, he was, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, stolen away by his nurse, and carried to Whitehaven; which place she was under a necessity of visiting, on account of the illness of a relation from whom she expected a legacy; and, as is usual among Irish nurses, she bore such an affection to the child, that she could not think of going without him. There he continued for almost three years; and she took such care of him, that he had learned to spell, and could read any chapter in the bible before he was five years old.

At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny: and at 14 admitted into the University of Dublin. The expense of his education being defrayed by his uncle Goodwin Swift: Goodwin was a lawyer of great eminence, and had made considerable sums of money, which were for the most part squandered away in idle projects. By means of which, soon after his nephew had entered the college, he found himself involved in great difficulties; and being father of a numerous offspring by four wives, he was under the necessity of reducing the stipend allowed to his nephew, for his support at the university, as low as possible.

(To be Continued.)

## THE OBSERVER,

## NUMBER IV.

The breast that happiness bestows,  
Reflected happiness shall bless.

Although much of our happiness, results from our acting according to that divine precept, 'Do unto others as you would they should Do unto you ;'—yet it frequently eludes the memory of many, who exchange the pleasure derived from acting on it, for the sensual gratifications of the vicious propensities of these debased minds ; and so intermixed is the human family, the vicious and the virtuous, with one another,—that difficulties will occur, because the difference of their principles of action, is as great as Day and Night.

How often do we perceive families, in which nothing is known but continual discord and contention. One party will not bear the most gentle rebuke from the other, and one refuses to give to the other, even the complaisance due: which they would not hesitate to bestow on a stranger ;—nay to harass and distress, appears the great aim ;—to disturb the peace,—destroys the usefulness,—and render miserable, the scope of many. No wonder contentment flies from such habitations, and woe—appears as the scourge of their lives.—

Benevolence to our friends.—delineates the image of a noble mind.—The following fact is mentioned of Sterne.—A friend of his,

was distressed in finances, and he wished to relieve him ; (for Sterne could not be happy while a friend was distress'd,) but it was not in his power, at that time. Yet the friend—a friend must be relieved at all hazards ; a friend is sacred ; Sterne finds no rest till it is done.

'I was' says he 'obliged to borrow two hundred pounds beyond my own currency upon the occasion. I had no sufficient security to offer : But Capt. Le Fever happened just to have sold out of the army ; I mortgaged the story to him, and he lent me the money. Sterne and his friend were both relieved,—but Sterne was happiest of the two.'

I should doubt the professed friendship of a man, who trifles with my feelings, and tantalizes me till I weep ; then telling me 'tis merely in kindness.—Hume tho't it not unbecoming the character of a hero to melt into tears, at distress.

He thus gives an affecting picture of Ulysses weeping over his favorite Argus, when he expires at his feet.

Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's  
soul :

Adown his cheek the tear unbidden  
stole :

Stole unperceiv'd, he turn'd his head,  
and died

The drop humane.—

But the soft tear in pity's eye,  
Outshines the diamond's brightest  
beams.



There never was a more elegant intellectual display of Humanity, than is recorded in the sacred scripture, of our Divine Redeemer, who is represented at the grave of his deceased friend Lazarus; it was surrounded by the weeping friends of the deceased—his two sisters were present—they both wept,—the saviour himself did not refrain, for it is said, Jesus wept.

Poor is the friendless master of a world:  
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

But magnanimity shines forth in the forgiveness of an enemy, this may be said to be the hardest duty we are called to discharge, but if it is, it affords one of the sweetest rewards. A man having forgiven a foe, may retire to his closet, and enjoy the satisfaction of having conquered one of the most powerful propensities of his nature,—he can congratulate himself on having conquer'd his own spirit for revenge, for the seeds from whence it springs, lurks in every bosom. Scipio will ever be venerated for that noble action, when he liberated the captive maid, and her lover, though he admired her himself, and had the exercise of power.

I lately heard the following anecdote related to me as a fact, which happen'd in the colony of N. Y. before the late revolutionary war.—A man by the name of Rowland had deserted,—and was afterwards taken,—tried by a court martial, and condemned.—On

the day of execution he was placed in the position for death,—the company surrounded him, and six men by lot were chosen to fire the fatal bullets,—when the word was given to make ready,—the commanding officer went up to him and said,—‘Rowland put the cap over your face.’—The man did so. All eyes were fixed on the interesting spectacle.—Rowland! said the officer, Sir! answer'd the condemned soldier, in a firm tone of voice.—The king grants you a free pardon.—He immediately fell on the ground, took the cap from his face, crept toward the officer, and kissed his feet.

The serious minded reader in spiritualizing this anecdote,—will find a sweet consolation flow into his bosom, worthy the enjoyment of a rational and intelligent creature.

The practice of young men's moving along in groupes, and insulting females in the streets, especially on Sunday evening, deserves most certainly the severest reprehension;—it is a humiliating reflection to a generous mind, that there are men, who take pleasure in abusing women, while going or returning from their proper avocations,—but that men's mind must be low and debased indeed, who pursues such a disposition to gratification.

It is said by many, that they do it only to terrify and frighten the

female sex. The writer of this was lately informed—that a young *Gentleman* had a short time past met a young women, and having taken her up in his arms and turned her round two or three times; then *ran away*, and all in sport.

It would be well for such practitioners, if they would abandon such mean pursuits, and act the more manly part.

Surely were they personally known to the public, shame would be the reward of their folly and imprudence.

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*From the desk of poor Robert the Scribe.*

One afternoon in the month of October, a young gentleman from Philadelphia, who had visited Luzerne to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, was standing with his rifle on the verge of one of those high precipices which bound the river Susquehanna, watching the eagle as she sailed far below him along the breast of the cliff, when he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the shriek of a female voice. Turning suddenly around, he saw a young horse, which being frightened, had run away with his rider, and was rushing impetuously towards the precipice. He was too far off even to attempt to throw himself before the affrighted animal. One expedient only presented itself. With unerring aim he drew up his rifle, and the horse fell on the very brink of the cliff.

The stranger ran to the assistance of the unfortunate female. Though pale as the tenant of the grave, a lovelier object never met his view. Her dark hair fell loosely on her cold bosom. She was lifeless. He raised her in his arms, and bore her to the hamlet at the foot of the hill.

By the assistance of the cottagers, Mary was soon sufficiently restored to be removed to the house of her father, which was not far distant. A fever ensued, and William, whose extensive studies had given him some knowledge in medicine, attracted by a charm which he could neither resist nor define, resolved to remain and prescribe for Mary until her fate should be determined.

Mary was just eighteen, when the accident happened which introduced the accomplished and fascinating stranger to her knowledge. By his kindness, and that of her parents, she slowly recovered, but the lively radiance of her fine blue eyes was changed to a mild and pensive sweetness, less dazzling; but, oh! to the heart of sensibility, how interesting. The lily stole the rose's blossom, the throbbing heart, and expressive flush that rose when William entered the room, too plainly told, that love, obtrusive urchin, had left the city, and entered the cottage of Mary with the stranger.

William was the most accomplished man Mary had ever seen. Pleasing in his manners, insinuat-



ing in his address, sensible and handsome, and, too, the preserver of her life! What female heart could be insensible to so much excellence! The affectionate and assiduous attentions of William soon restored Mary, in some degree, to her former health, and the chain that had so long detained him, gathering new strength, he found it impossible to break a connexion that was already so dear to him.

All Franksburg talked of the courtship, and when I saw William and Mary lead down in the dance together, I could not help thinking they were formed for each other.

I went up to Franksburg last fall to visit my old friend and to congratulate him on the purposed connexion. It was one of these pleasant moonlight evenings in the month of September, when I arrived at the gate, such as had always been enlivened by the song and the dance, under the old elm by the door. But the sound of joy was no more heard on the green. William was gone; the cheek of the soldier was wet with anguish, and the wife of his bosom seemed fast declining in sorrow to the grave.

Pale and dejected, Mary sat by the window, her head reclining on her hand. Her eye moistened by a tear, was fixed on vacancy, or wandered heedlessly from object to object. Seduced by the man who saved her life, she was soon to become a mother.

The old man took my hand—pressed it between his,—‘O! this is an ungrateful world,’ said he. His heart swelled, he turned away to conceal his emotion. An aged missionary, whose hair was silvered with the frosts of seventy winters, endeavoured to turn their affections to another world, and to lead them to consolation beyond the tomb.

Ye votaries of pleasure, ye gay, ye wanton seducers of the fair, whom you should protect; O! could you have seen the cottage of poor Freeman, your infamous trophies over deluded innocence would have been scorpions to your consciences.

Such ruin—Hark the watch dog announces a stranger! The door opened, and in a moment we behold William at the feet of her father. Mary shrieked and fainted. ‘I come, I come,’ said he, ‘for forgiveness, I come to offer all the reparation in my power. Not a moment of happiness have I known since I left you.’

Noble youth! thou hast set a pattern by thy return to virtue, most worthy to be followed.

*Gleaner.*

#### APHORISMS.

*Ability.* The desire of appearing to be persons of ability, often prevents our being so.

Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

## VARIETY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

The Editor of the London Courier, speaking of the style of the American journalists, calls it '*bastard English*.' This sort of reproach is rather surprising, when it is considered that the English were the scholars of the Americans during the revolutionary war. We taught them orthography at Bunker's Hill, etymology at Saratoga, syntax in the Jerseys, and prosody at York-Town. If they will come to school again, we can put them through the dead languages.

*Argus.*

On the happy return of King Charles II. one parson Bull who had loyally and learnedly maintained his Majesty's right, was presented by the King with a grant for a very considerable benefice; But before the patent was sealed, my Lord Chancellor Hyde had disposed of it to another. The parson, having spent all his money, put his hand into his pocket, and finding nothing but the King's grant there, with his hand to it, went boldly to his Majesty, and told him he had lost all his money out of his pocket, and he found none but his Majesty's hand there. The King smiled, and asked if his business was done? He replied

No; and he was thereon immediately recommended to Chancellor Hyde, for putting of him into business. Says the Chancellor, knowing him to be a wit, 'What's your name?' 'Bull,' says the parson. 'Where are your horns,' says my Lord? 'Please your Lordship,' replied the parson, '*the horns always go along with the Hyde.*'

*Bon Mot.*—A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured in his own family, but extremely facetious and entertaining when in company, was once the subject of conversation in a small party, where his wife was present. 'Indeed, madam, (said a lady who addressed her) I almost envy you your husband—so cheerful! so lively! so brilliant! he is quite the *fiddle* of every company he goes into.'—'Perhaps so, (replied the wife with a sigh) but when he comes home, he always *hangs his fiddle up* with his hat.'

*A new Psalm Extraordinary.*

The following is part of a Psalm composed by a Parish Clerk in Yorkshire, on the Distemper among Horned Cattle in 1794. It was sung and chorussed by the whole congregation in the church. The four first stanzas contain an account of the cattle that died, and the names of the farmers to whom they belonged, the remaining verses run on thus.



"No Christian's Bull nor Cow, they say,

But takes it out of hand,  
And we shall have no cows at all,  
I doubt, within this land.

The Doctors, tho' they all have spoke  
Like learned gentlemen,  
And told us how the entrails look  
Of cattle dead and gone.

Yet they nothing do at all  
With all their learning store,  
So Heaven drive thou the plague away,  
And vex us not no more."

This piece was so well received, that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation, saving five farmers who wept bitterly, and exclaimed, 'it was too moving!' The minister, on going out, said, 'Why, John, what psalm was it we had to day: it was not one of David's.'—'No, no, sir,' quoth John, big with the poetic honor he had acquired, 'David never made such a psalm since he was born. This is one of my own putting together!'

**A Curious Fact**—In digging a well in Alstead, N. H. on the hill near the meeting house, the workmen had dug about nine feet thro' a hard gravel or pan, when they came to a hard blue clay, intermixed with stones and gravel; after digging 5 feet therein, a lump of clay was taken up in which was enclosed a small brown snake, with a red belly and a white stripe round his neck, with a small snake in his mouth—when exposed to the air, they discovered evident signs of life, which was witnessed by several spectators.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, November 16, 1811.

*"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the times"*

A circumstance of a very distressing and melancholly nature, occurred on the farm of Mr. Mitten, on Shavercreck, Huntington county, Pennsylvania, on Sunday last.—A young man of the name of Tully, aged about 17 years, his sister and Miss M'Calley, walked into a field, leaning on each other's shoulder for the purpose of driving sheep out of it, when a tree fell upon them, which killed the young man on the spot—broke one of Miss M'Calley's thighs, and wounded the other young women so severely that her life is yet despaired of.

James Crapson, a native of Ireland, and lately one of the Hornet's seamen, hung himself on Saturday evening, in Thames-st.

## MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Saturday last, the walls of a new house building in Eighth street, between Market and Chesnut-streets, fell down, and, precipitating two of the workmen into the street, who were in the act of ascending to the scaffolding, buried seven others under the ruins. They were extricated as soon as possible, some were sent to the hospital, and other carried to their own homes, with their bones and skulls fractured. Two of them, it is said, are not expected to recover.

Newburgh, Nov. 5.—**ROBBERY**—On Saturday afternoon last, a short time before capt. Griswold sailed from New-

York for this village, 9600 dollars, in bills, was given him, directed to the bank of Newburgh, and by him put into his trunk in his state-room; as soon as the vessel was got underway, the captain discovered the money had been stolen. Proper enquiries were immediately made of the passengers on board the sloop, from which it appeared that no cause of suspicion was attached to them. It is supposed the money was taken previous to the vessel's leaving the dock in New-York.

#### *Extraordinary Honesty.*

A person of the Quaker profession (says a London paper) having through misfortune, about 40 years ago, become insolvent; and not being able to pay more than 11 shillings to the pound, formed a resolution, if Providence smiled on his future endeavors, to pay the whole amount; and in case of death, he ordered his sons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. It pleased God, however to spare his life; and after struggling with a variety of difficulties (for his livelihood chiefly depended on his own labor) he at length saved sufficient to satisfy every demand. A few days ago, the old man came with a considerable sum, to the surviving son of one of his creditors who has been dead 30 years, and insisted on paying him the money he owed his father, which he accordingly did, with heartfelt satisfaction. Such a display of virtuous principle, we record with infinite pleasure, as it not only reflects the highest honor on a worthy individual, but also on that society to which he belongs—whose members have long been distinguished and deservedly respected, for their upright and equitable dealing. On this occasion, we cannot help exclaiming in the language of Pope, 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.'

#### **Married.**

*On Friday evening, last, Mr. Zebulon S. Willets, to Miss Charlotte Roorbach, both of this city.*

*On Monday morning last, by the rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Isaac B. Strong. (of the house of Aikin, Strong, & Co.) to Miss Mary Oakley, all of this city.*

*At Philadelphia, Thomas Layle, to Miss Maria Oliver.*

*At Charlestown, Wm. Kitchison, merchant, to Miss Mary Murray.*

*At Charleston, James B. Kennedy merchant, to Miss Mary A. Snowden.*

#### **Died.**

*On Monday the 11th inst. Mr. Eleazer Hart Odell, aged 26 years.*

*On the 16th ult. in Frankfort, Kentucky, Dr. Isaac Gano, one of the first settlers of that country.*

*On Wednesday last, Mr William Riley, Merchant of Flat Bush, and son of Roger Riley, esq. of Berlin, Connecticut.*

*At Worcester, (Ms.) Mr. Asa Ward, Jun.—He had been some time past complaining of a cramp, in his limbs, and pain in his breast; and being advised to use a cold bath, he went into a large tub at a spring, and was found a corpse by his wife.*

*Last week in the county of Gloucester, (N. J.) suddenly, James Sloan, esq. formerly member of Congress from New-Jersey.*

*In August last, in the Hospital in Philadelphia, Lucius Witham Stockton, esq. of New Jersey.*





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

Mr. Editor

Sir, by inserting the following lines in  
your Weekly Paper you will much  
Oblige your

Humble Servant

Wm. B.

Written a few days before the author's  
departure for South America.

When on Neptune's waves I ride,  
And think of naught but thee,  
O then my lovely Adelaide,  
Wilt thou heave one sigh for me,  
And when ocean's wide shall lie,  
Between my love and me,  
O will she heave one sigh,  
For him beyond the sea,  
Should fate decree a watery tomb,  
When I'm beneath the sea,  
Will Adelaide, lamenting doom,  
Or drop one tear for me.

REBUS.

I'm often said to mischief do,  
And when the trouble does ensue;  
I'm no where in the circle round,  
Said mischief-maker to be found.  
The blame is ever laid on me;  
And yet you never do me see.  
Thou said, I cause men oft to fight,  
Yet know no particle of spite.  
Legs, arms and head, I surely have;  
And now, my name, from you I crave.

THE LOVELY MAID OF COVENTRY,

*Address'd to Miss P..... C.....*

The Lovely maid of Coventry  
The blooming nymph of Coventry  
The dew lipp'd rose  
Her fragrance throws,  
Around the maid of Coventry

Fond Zephyrs breathing kissing gales  
Lov'd to wanton round each flower,  
But round P..... now he steals  
And quits awhile his genial bower  
The lovely maid &c.

Oh! could I like the Zephyr taste  
The richest nectar of her lips  
Joys like these should never waste  
But end in everlasting bliss.

The lovely maid &c.

Tis then I'd on her bosom lie  
And there in rapture live forever!  
Though all terrestrial blessings die,  
Yet mine would live! and die, would  
never! The lovely maid &c.

J. C.

THE EMBLEM OF LOVE.

*By M'Greery.*

"The Little Harvest Rose."

When Autumn wing'd the blast with  
power,  
To weep the binding forest bare,  
Deep in the vale I found a flower.  
A little rose that linger'd there."

Tho' half its blushing sweets had fled,  
It's leaves were edg'd with winter  
snows.

Yet still the fragrant odours shed,  
Declar'd love's emblem was a rose.

With curious, tho' with eager haste,  
I seiz'd the little fading prize,  
Then in my bosom fondly press'd,  
The faintly blushing flowret lies.

I flew impatient to my fair,  
My heart with fond affection glows,  
"A flower my love to deck your hair;  
A little, modest Harvest Rose."

When first its vivid, blooming hue,  
The amorous zephyrs kiss'd with  
pride ;  
O then my life, it look'd like you,  
When first I clasp'd my blushing bride,

Its fragrance still, tho' flown the dye,  
Is thy pure soul, where friendship  
glows,  
It proves tho' love's warm ardour die,  
That friendship lives—*sweet Harvest  
Rose.*

---

BALLAD STANZAS.

*By Thomas Moore esq.*

I know by the smoke, that so gracefully  
curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage  
was near,

And I said, "If there's peace to be  
found in the world,

A heart that was humble might hope  
for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that lan-  
guish'd around

In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a  
sound

But the wood-pecker tapping the hol-  
low beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I  
exclaim'd,

with a maid who was lovely to soul  
and to eye.

Who would blush when I prais'd her,  
and weep when I blam'd,

How blest could I live and how calm  
could I die !

By the shade of yon sumack, whose  
red berry dips

In the gush of the fountain how sweet  
to recline,

And to know that I sigh'd upon inno-  
cent lips,

Which had never been sigh'd on by  
any but mine !"

FOR SALE at this OFFICE,  
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---

CARPET WEAVER.

The subscriber, respectfully solicits  
the patronage of the Lady's in this city,  
as carpet weaver.—he is an aged man,  
and wishes to employ his time in this  
way, as weaving has been his general  
profession, he will be thankful for, and  
will strictly attend to all orders left for  
him at No. 12 Henry street,  
August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed  
to No. 145 Broadway, where he con-  
tinues to procure money on Mortgages,  
notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells  
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land  
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-  
sonable commision.—Also the lease of  
2 houses, & an annuity. Also for sale 30  
farms, several with good improvements,  
will be sold low, goods & property of e-  
very sort taken in payment, or any who  
forms a company tickets & draw for the  
different farms will be liberally paid for it  
Also a skilfull farming man with a good  
character, will meet with encouragement  
by applying as above.

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